Nor arme nor face, O be some other name
Belonging to a man.
VVhat's in a name that which we call a rose,
By any other word would smell as sweete,
So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* cald,
Retaine that deare perfection which he owes,
VVithout that title. *Romeo* doffe thy name,
And for thy name which is no part of thee,
Take all my selfe.

Ro. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but loue, and Ile be new baptizde,
Hence forth I neuer will be *Romeo*.

Iuli. VVhat man art thou, that thus bescreend in night
So stumblest on my counsell?

Ro. By a name, I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name deare saint, is hatefull to my selfe,
Because it is an enemy to thee,
Had I it written, I would teare the word.

Iuli. My eares haue yet not drunke a hundred words
Of thy tongues vttering, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*?

Rom. Neither faire maide, if either thee dislike.

Iu. How camest thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
The Orchard walls are high and hard to climbe,
And the place death, considering who thou art
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Ro. VVith loues light wings did I oreperch these walls,
For stony limits cannot hold loue out,
And what loue can do, that dares loue attempt:
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

Iu. If they do see thee, they will murther thee.

Ro. Alacke there lies more perill in thine eye,
Then twenty of their swords, looke thou but sweete,
And I am proofe against their enmity.

Iu. I would not for the world they saw thee here.

Rom. I haue nights cloake t
And but thou loue me, let th
My life were better ended by
Then death proroged wantu

Iuli. By whose direction fo

Ro. By loue that first did p
He lent me counsell, and I le
I am no Pylot, yet wert thou
As that vast shore washet wit
I should aduenture for such

Iuli. Thou knowest the m
Else would a maiden blush b
For that which thou hast he
Faine would I dwell on form
What I haue spoke, but farew
Doest thou loue me? I know
And I will take thy word, ye
Thou maiest proue false, at lo
They say *Ioue* laughs, oh ge
If thou dost loue, pronounce
Or if thou thinkest I am too
Ile frowne and be peruerse, a
So thou wilt wooe, but else
In truth faire *Mountague* I a
And therefore thou maiest t
But trust me Gentleman, Ile
Then those that haue coy in
I should haue beene more str
But that thou ouer heardst e
My true loue passion, therefo
And not impute this yeeldin
Which the darke night hath

Rom. Lady, by yonder bl
That tips with siluer all these

Iu. O sweare not by the
That monethly changes in

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22324) LONDON, 1609 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.